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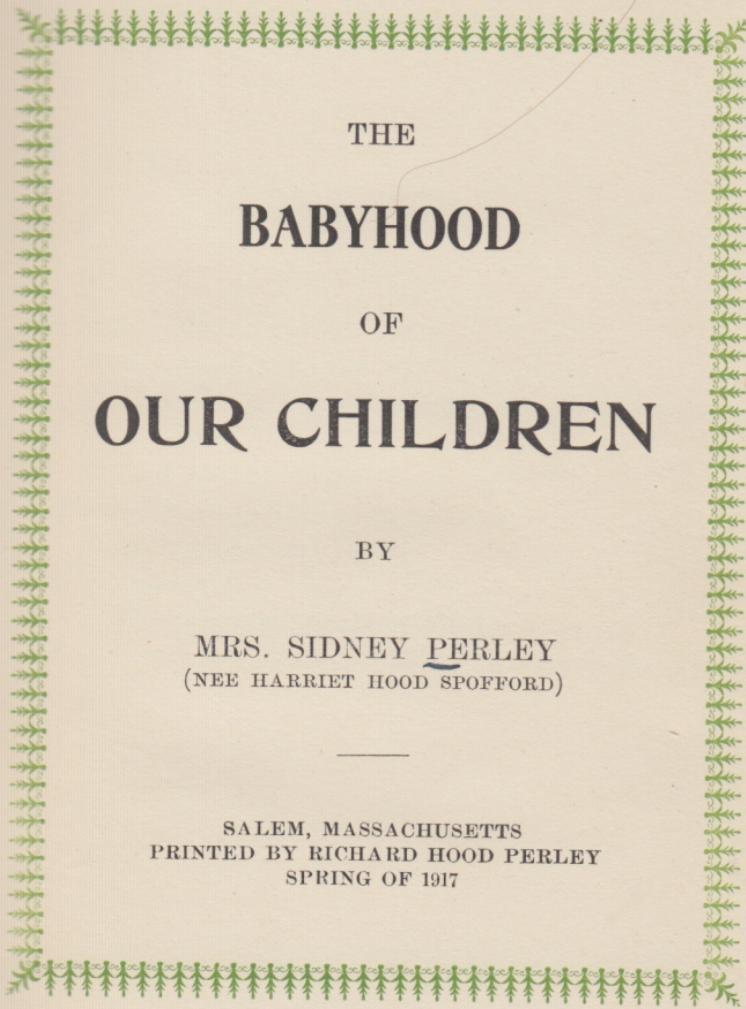
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BOXFORD PUBLIC LIBRARY

FROM

DATE December 1920



THE
BABYHOOD
OF
OUR CHILDREN

BY

MRS. SIDNEY PERLEY
(NEE HARRIET HOOD SPOFFORD)

SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS
PRINTED BY RICHARD HOOD PERLEY
SPRING OF 1917

I said, "Though cross it be,
And rugged runs the way up Calvary,
That thing I crave which best will make me
good,
And worthy of my womanhood."
Then God smiled as he gave to me
To bear as best I could,
Up Calvary,
The rosewood cross of Motherhood.

—EDNA HEALD.

What a blessing was the coming of the baby! Before, life was lived at a poor pleasant rate of self-enjoyment, easy-going comfort. Then the baby came — lo, what disturbance it wrought in us, yea, what self-forgetfulness; yea, what ministries of devotion; what nights of nursing and days of blessed endurance.



AT SEVEN MONTHS.

ELEANOR SPOFFORD PERLEY

ELEANOR SPOFFORD PERLEY

was born at number twenty Dearborn street, in the city of Salem, Massachusetts, on the ninth day of October, eighteen hundred and ninety-four, at a quarter before three o'clock in the afternoon. She weighed seven and five-eighths pounds at birth. For three weeks she slept a good deal and was very good, then she cried and cried until her poor mother was at her wits ends to know what to do with her. At the age of six weeks, she visited her grandpa and grandma in Georgetown where she began to improve, and when she was two months old, she was a good baby, and would sit up in a rocking chair, bolstered by pillows, and watch her mother work. While she was sitting there the first time our pastor, Doctor Clark, called to see her, and she smiled upon him and made such good friends with him that he went home and told his wife

that she was the brightest baby he ever saw. When small, she enjoyed her bath very much, and once, before she was three months old, laughed aloud while being bathed. At the age of three months, she weighed twelve pounds, and would laugh and talk and watch her rattle swing from the chandelier. When four months and three weeks old, her first two little teeth appeared, and four more came along speedily, so that, by the time she was seven months and three weeks old, she had six. Then she rested seven months, cutting no more teeth until she had reached the age of fourteen months. At four months, she weighed fourteen and one-half pounds, and would laugh and squeal and have real frolics at times. It was during her first winter that she became a member of the Cradle Roll, a mission circle for young children. At the age of five months, she made her first call, upon Edna Locke, the little girl in the next house, and had a fine time. She was delighted to see another little girl and laughed all the time she was there. They compared teeth. Edna was sixteen months old and had only one, while Eleanor, at five



AT FIFTEEN MONTHS.

months, had two. About this time, also, she went to her first party, and had a lovely time. She enjoyed watching the children play, and was very good. She had a bon-bon with a paper cap, a date with a black doll inside, instead of a seed, and a clothes pin doll dressed in crepe paper for a souvenir. All the ladies thought she was a beautiful baby. About this time, she began to sit in her dining chair and carriage.

When six months old, she would sit in her high chair at the piano, and pound away on it with both little fists, throwing herself back like a professional, and putting such vim into it that it was very funny to watch her. She weighed sixteen pounds at this time, and when seven months old she weighed seventeen and one-half pounds, and began to notice pictures and seem interested in them and would laugh and shake her hand when told "Papa is coming." She would sit in her chair, too, and squeal at the top of her voice, so loudly that people across the street could hear her. At eight months she could say "papa" as plainly as any one, and when she was nine months old, she began to

creep and soon could go all over the floor on her hands and knees like a little spider, making the coal-hod her chief objective point. About this time, too, she would wave her hand and say "bye."

When ten months old, she began to pull herself up by the furniture and her mother's dress. At the age of eleven months she went to the Cradle Roll party at Mrs. Entwistle's, where the mite boxes were opened. Hers contained over a dollar. She was very good at the party, and allowed several people to hold her and carry her about. She knew how to chew food then, and at supper time calmly took a cake away from her mother and began eating it.

Three days before she was a year old, she took her first steps alone and was soon trudging about the house, though with frequent tumbles, sitting down most forcibly every few minutes. This, however, in nowise disconcerted her; she would pick herself up quickly and try again. She spent her first birthday in Georgetown and Boxford, and weighed twenty-two pounds that day. About that time she began to kiss us and make

curtsies. In November, her father bought her a rocking chair, and because it was cold when brought in, I put a little puff into it for her to sit upon. For a long time after that, she could not be induced to sit in the chair without the puff. She seemed to think it quite necessary, and if put away would tease for it until it was again put into the chair.

When fourteen and fifteen months old, she began to understand some things that were said to her. For instance, I would tell her to get her little broom and brush up some water or snow, and she would go directly and do it, sometimes without being told. She would get things for me on being told to do so, and even bring them of her own account; for instance, when she saw me making ready to wash dishes, she would get the drainer and hand it to me and seem pleased to think she was helping. She would take my napkin off the table and put it into her own lap when seated in her dining chair, and would try to cough and sneeze whenever she heard her father and mother do so, mocking them. When fifteen months old, she cut her first double tooth,

began to climb upstairs and say "Mamma." At sixteen months, she had four double teeth, and could say papa and mamma, look, man, take it, bye, boo, book, dink, there, burn, bad, ball, up, wawa (water), I want, no, why, hark, etc. She would run and get her papa's boots, selecting mates from a closet where there were several pairs together. One day, just before she was seventeen months old, she ran off with the sewing machine key and when we were ready to lock up the machine the key was nowhere to be found. We asked her what she had done with it, not expecting any response, but she went two or three times to the sitting room closet, and then I remembered that I had opened a drawer there to get some cloth and that the baby had come and stood beside me. I looked into the drawer again and there was the key where she had dropped it. She had remembered and had done her best to tell what she had done with it. About this time, on the sixth day of March, 1896, we began the dreaded process of weaning her. Her grandmother came to assist and had some trouble with her the first night, but after that she seemed to

understand, and made no fuss except when she was sleepy; but for a good while she found it hard to go to sleep without something in her mouth, and would scream sometimes for half an hour before she would drop to sleep. On March thirteenth, just one week from the day we began to wean her, she slept all night, without waking once, for the first time since she was born.

When she was seventeen months old, she liked to carry the dishes back to the dining table after I had washed them, and sometimes she would take a towel and help me wipe them. At eighteen months, she weighed twenty-four pounds and liked to run out of doors. At this age she cut her eye teeth. When she was about nineteen months old, I had a sickness and she was not allowed to see me for about twenty-four hours. She kept calling for me, but her father told her that mamma was sick in bed, and she looked sorrowful indeed. When she found me, herself, the next morning, she was overjoyed. She laughed and came to me, kissed me all over my face as if she would eat me up, and said "Mamma!" with such a pitiful look, as if she were

sorry for me, as no doubt she was. She did not expect me to do things for her while in bed, but said "Ladlee" and ran off to the nurse or the girl to have done what she wanted, and went off to bed contentedly each night, after kissing her mamma.

My nurse took her out of doors a great deal, and one day she saw three little girls playing in the yard without their hats. She spied the hats under a tree, ran to get them and carried them to the children, giving each one her own hat. I asked her one day where papa was and she said "Bath," meaning he was in the bath-room. As Miss Ordway, my nurse, lay down on the lounge one day, Eleanor ran to my room for a sofa pillow and carried it to her and then stood off, pointing to it and saying "Me, me." Then she tried to find something to cover her with, and finally brought a kitchen-apron to spread over her, trying to make her comfortable. Once before that, when I was lying down, she ran to the bedroom, took the puff from her crib and brought it to me to cover myself with. She was very particular to have everything done just so and to

have things put into their rightful places. We called her a little old maid when she was so fussy. One day, when I began to sit up, I asked her to bring me my boots, so when she came with them and pulled off my slippers she spied a tiny hole in my stocking. She would not allow me to put on my boot while the hole was there, so she ran to her auntie who was sewing and took her needle. She then sat down and drew the needle and thread through the stocking, trying to mend the hole for me, so I had to take the needle and darn the stocking before it was possible for me to put on my boots. While I was in bed, she herself was sick for two days with an attack of fever. She made a model little patient, lying in her crib and taking her medicine like a lady. When I was able to sit up, she cried out one evening and I went in and lay down beside her to quiet her. When she found that it was her mother with her at last, she was so delighted that she laughed aloud and put up her little arms and hugged me very tight until she dropped off to sleep, as though she did not mean to let me go away from her again. But I had to go to bed

for another two or three weeks, and it seemed hard for the little thing.

She was perfectly happy when out of doors, and said "Do widee, do widee," about every day. When she wanted me to mend something she would say "Fix;" and she called cake "ake." She called all little girls "Lila" (Helen) and a man "mannie."

When twenty-two and twenty-three months old, she began to put words together. She wanted me to get her doll one day and said, "Mamma det baby." That was her first long sentence. She liked to walk in the street, and would say, "Papa hanny, mamma hanny, walk street." When we asked her whose baby she was she would say, "Papa's baby, mamma's baby." She wanted to button her bib one day, and I said, "Let mamma do it." "No, baby do;" and she tried a long time, but had to give it up. When she woke in the night, she would crawl into the bed with me, put both arms around my neck and kiss me. She learned to give sailor kisses at this time.

At two years of age, she weighed about twen-

ty-seven pounds and measured thirty-four inches. She began to talk a good deal and put the letter h before a good many words as hut for cut, hork for pork, hen for pen, heyes for eyes, hiron for iron, etc. She found some buttons like those on one of her dresses one day and brought them to me, saying "Mamma, hew buttons, dess." Her auntie came to see her and she called her "Nell." "Nell in papa's chair," she said once. She began to eat with a fork, disdaining a spoon, and refused to wear a bib, using a napkin like ours instead. About this time, I made her a pink dress, of which she was very proud, taking great interest in it from the moment it was cut. "Pitty new dess, pink dess," she called it, and was very good about having it tried on. She would call herself "Papa's dirl baby and mamma's dirl baby," and she developed a literary taste, evidenced by a liking for "Old Mother Hubbard." She was a most independent little maiden, eager to do everything she possibly could for herself, bothering her mamma very much by trying to wash and dress herself, to sew, etc. "Baby do," she would say, and was very indig-

nant when I did the thing myself instead of letting her do it, and she surprised me by doing things I thought impossible, such as fastening the suspenders to her stockings, putting on her boots and buttoning them, and getting on her "ted toab" (bed robe) and dress.

At Thanksgiving time, she weighed twenty-nine and one half pounds. She learned her first little verse about this time :—

"Fishes	brook,	
Papa tatch	hook,	
Mamma—no, lady*	fry	pan,
Baby heat	man."	

A lady in a railroad station said, one day, "What is your name, little girl?" "Papa's dirl baby," said she. She tried to assist me in all the housework, washing and wiping dishes (she could wipe the silver pretty dry), sweeping, making beds, ironing and cooking. She would kiss her little iron to make it hiss, and would not use it unless it had been set on the stove hearth for a while. She liked to roll out pie crust and cook-

* Hired girl.

ies which she baked on her little plates.

At Christmas time, she was delighted with the things she found in her stocking and she went to the Christmas tree at the chapel and had a lovely time with the "boys and dirls." Everybody thought her very "sweet," and really she was a very fair little maiden with her yellow wavy hair, deep blue eyes like "antique jewels," fair skin and rosy cheeks. She attracted a great deal of notice on the street and everywhere she went. I hardly ever took her out without people looking at her and saying, "What a pretty baby," or "How cunning," or "How sweet she is," or some similar remark. She was exceedingly lively and a great mimic; for instance, when she was out walking she would set up a great coughing, and, going to the curbing, would pretend to spit as she had seen her papa do. Her father sold one of her playthings one day with a hot poker, and the next time it came to pieces she ran for the poker and put it on the stove to "warm." She was disgusted because neither her auntie nor her mother would try to mend it; so she tried to do so, herself, and when she found that she could

accomplish nothing with one poker she took two, but she had to give it up and wait for her papa. "Mamma take baby, baby take Mel (the cat)" was one of her longest sentences at this time. She called parlor "parlo" and piano "panno." One of her dolls lost an arm, and she ran for the poker and was going to "warm" it so that her father could mend the doll as he had the carriage. Seeing Miss Kane make preparations to sweep a room, Eleanor opened the drawer and took out the furniture covers and carried them to her of her own accord. She was very fond of her doctor and "Doc's canny," and was quite disappointed once when she saw the doctor making a visit across the street, because she did not come to bring her "canny," but when I told her that the doctor gave candy only to sick people she seemed to understand and said no more about it. When two years and three months old, she was fond of reading. One day when out walking, we turned down the street where our washer-woman lived, and as soon as we did so she said "Miss Kane" and when we came to the house she stopped and said "Kane" again. She

picked out the right spoon from the drawer for me to use in making cake one day. I usually tried cake with a knitting needle when I took it from the oven, but one day I omitted it, so she ran to the drawer while my back was turned, got the needle and handed it to me. She chose pink ribbons for her hair one day from among several colors. She had a little watch, and when asked the time would say "Past six."

At two years and four months, she was distressed because her mamma did not drink tea, and would say, "Mamma like tea?" I would say, "No;" and then she would say, "Mamma like tea in the morning," meaning coffee. Once she said, "When baby bid womany, bid mamma, baby like tea." When I told her to do anything she would say "All wight," or sometimes "Wait a minute." She heard the water running from the faucet down stairs one day, and said "Lila (Helen) get drink wa-wa." One day she said she was "going to eat her mamma all up." I said "What will you do for a mamma then?" "Buy a new one" was her response, quick as a flash. Seeing Mrs. Locke mounting her bicycle

one day, Eleanor looked up at me with concern, saying, "Mamma like feel?" I said "No, I do not want one." But she persisted, and I said, "What would baby do if mamma rode a wheel?" She said, "Mamma ride feel and baby ride beside her." I said, "You would fall off." And then she said, "Mamma ride feel and baby walk."

When two and one-half years old, she could lace her boots, sometimes without making a mistake. She was very proud of her laced boots. When she had a cold, or was not feeling very well, she would say when asked how she felt, "Pitty well, now," or "Feel better." One day her auntie took her out for a ride, and when she came in she looked at me and said, "Mamma west (rest)?"

She liked to sew, taking little over and over stitches and kissing her fingers when she pricked them. She would sew diligently for a long while, sometimes. She knew several letters before she was two and a half years old, and called her "mamma Hattie" and her "papa Sidney." She was playing with her blocks one day and said, "Oh, mamma Hattie fall down."

When told that her little cousin Christine was going off on a long journey, she was quite concerned, but did not take it very deeply to heart until after she thought it over a while, and then she broke out, "Baby Christine going way off," and tears came into her eyes. She put on such a grieved look that I had to comfort her by saying, "Perhaps she will come back in the fall." At this period, Eleanor delighted in taking her baby doll out to ride in her little carriage, and she could get the carriage over the curbings as well as I could the large one.

When two and a half years old, she measured thirty-six inches. She was naughty one day and ran out into the street, so I had to take her into the house. The next morning, when reminded of it, she said, "I be dood dirl and push little carriage with mamma."

When two years and seven months old, she said one day, "I love you, mamma." When she saw anything out of its place, she would say, "It is back side afore." Seeing some stockings wrong side out, she said they were "back side afore." One day she saw some horses with their

tails fastened up and said those horses "didn't have any tails on." When she wanted us to pop some corn she would say, "Hop the beans." When she had a pain she said, "My pain aches." When asked her name, sometimes she said, "Pitty well." She would stand and watch me dressing to go out, and when I put on my dress would say, "Mamma look pitty." She liked to have me go, and was very good with any one who took care of her.

I asked her one night if she wanted her stuffed cat to sleep with her and she said, "Meow (cat) can't shut her eyes." She was playing about one day with a hat on, and came to me and took it off, as she had seen men do, saying, "How do," and asked me to shake hands with her. I said, "Are you pretty well?" "No, dot bad cold," which was true. One night she said, "My pain aches back side afore." She stood watching me put on a new dress for church one Sunday, and kept saying, "Oh, mamma look pitty, mamma look pitty, nice mamma."

She went to Sunday school for the first time in June, 1897, and was delighted with it all, being

especially interested in the singing of the children. Coming home she took a strange little boy by the hand, on the street, and said, "Come, boys."

One day she put the sugar spoon into her berries and I told her not to put it back into the bowl, as I must wash it. She lapped it all over and then wanted to put it back. I said, "No, I must wash it." "Dust washed it with my tongue," said she. Looking at the picture of a snake one day, she said, "It is a great big tail." One night she had a "pain ache" and asked me to rest her back "in front."

Eleanor was a polite young lady and often said "Tan' you" and "No, tan' you" at the table. Once her father asked her if she did not want some supper. She said, "No, tan' you," and when he called her a second time she said, "I said, 'No, tan' you,' papa." She has even been known to thank me for washing her face, which I thought was a little too much to expect. On the Fourth of July she told us that papa brought her "some noise."

When two years and nine months old, she learned to thread a needle, and could strike a

croquet ball with as much force as any one, sending it a long distance. One day she wanted me to play croquet with her and I took a blue mallet and a ball of another color. She would not permit me to keep the ball, and ran to find the blue one to match the mallet.

I told her not to eat a green apple and she ran off behind the house with it, and when I found her she was eating away at a great rate, but seeing me, she threw the apple away. She was looking at a picture of flying horses one day and said they were "flying willows," because she had ridden on flying horses at the Willows.

The skin of a fruit she called its "crust." She was in the habit of saying "what" every few minutes, and I talked with her and told her that she must not keep saying "what" all the time. At the end of my talk, "Now say that aden, mamma," was all the reward I had for my pains.

About this time she learned to dress herself, all but the buttons in the back, and to climb into her high chair. Her auntie told her once something about baby Eleanor, and she said, "'My baby Eleanor,' you mean me?" At another time her

auntie said, "What shall I do when little Eleanor has gone home?" "You got little Eleanor now," said she. Once when I was away her grandma, undressing her, said, "There is nobody but an old lady to undress you to-night." "Grandma is a nice lady," was her response; but when I got home she said, "I wanted you, mamma." Some one said to her once, "How long have you been sitting here, Eleanor?" "Six minutes," said she. Her auntie tried to get her to say she liked her as well as me, but "I like mamma better," she replied.

The letter box at the corner of the street was the "post office" to her. At this time she greatly preferred the sidewalk to the yard, as a playground, so I said to her one day, "We have a nice big yard, and you must stay in it." "Nice big sidewalk," said she.

The day she was two years and eleven months old she put on both rubbers alone. "Where is your hat?" I asked her one day. "Anywhere," said she, which was usually true enough. She was teasing me to take her out once and I said, "Who will do my work if I go out of doors?"

"Miss Locke," she replied. Speaking of her grandma in Boxford, she asked once, "Where does the real grandma live?" meaning her grandma Spofford. When asked her name, she would say, "Baby Eleanor Spofford Perley, dat my name is." She called me "Mrs. Perley" a great deal, and sometimes addressed her papa as "Sindy." "Come, Sindy," she would call, summoning him to dinner.

She was eager to be out of doors all the time that fall. One day, in order to keep her in, I tied up the gate at the stairway, and she got the scissors, cut the string and was off down stairs and out.

"Do you know where her are?" was one of her questions at this time. I was doing something one day, putting a leaf in the dining table, I believe, when she came to assist, saying, "Too hard work for you, so I fought I help you."

When three years old, she carried her birthday pennies to Sunday school and dropped them in the basket.

Once when she did not want to mind she said, "Some day I'll mind you." We saw a little boy

running away one day, so I said, "I hope you will not run away like that little boy the next time you go out." She said, "Perhaps I will." One day she heard a boy on the street saying something that sounded like "Lord," so she shouted out, "Pray the Lord soul to take, amen." I was lying down one day and told her that I did not feel very well. She was quite concerned and said, "You sick?" I said, "No, not sick, but not very well." She said, "You sick a little? You going to have the doctor and Miss Ord and some medicine?" Some other expressions at this time were: "Didn't you know where me ware?" "My irons are hotting" and "You must be careful not to do dat."

Sometimes she would turn on the gas in my bedroom, where she could reach the burner, and I told her she must not do it, as gas sometimes killed people; so one night, when she saw Helen light the gas, she came to me and said, "Her not die."

One Sunday, on the way home from Sunday school, I asked her what the lesson was about, not expecting much of an answer, but she said

the teacher told her about Paul and that he went "in a ship and another ship to the Lord's house." Once when I asked her what her teacher said she replied, "Oh, pray the Lord." She asked me once, "What was I born for?" "Because the Lord made you." "What did he make me for?" The old question of the ages!

She heard her father say, one morning, when he was taking care of the fire, "Ashes to ashes," and she finished the quotation, "Dust to dust." She had heard that in the story of Cock Robin.

Waking in the dead of night, she would put both arms around my neck and say, "Oh, I love you," in the most sentimental way.

Not seeing a stout neighbor on the street going to church one Sunday, she asked, "Where's Mrs. Holbrook fat?"

She went to church for the first time November 28, 1897, and was remarkably quiet, behaved as well as any of us.

On my birthday her father asked her how old she thought I was and she said, "Her ain't old at all." At another time she queried of some one else, "Her most as old as me am?"

I was going out one morning without making my bed, and Eleanor said, "You haven't made the bed, mamma." I said, "I am not going to make it until I come home." Said she, "You ought to." I asked, "Why?" "Somebody might look in," she replied. She cried one day because I wore an old waist instead of a good one, under my cape. One Friday she told me she had cleaned her nails. I said, "When?" She said, "Last Sunday." Christmas morning she woke up about three o'clock and said, "Has Santa come?" I said, "Yes." "Did he bring me some little cars and some oranges and some candy?" and then she dropped off to sleep again.

She looked up at me one day and said, "You and I are twins, ain't we?" At another time she asked, "Why didn't the Lord make me with one tail?" We had been speaking of monkeys, etc., having tails. She objected to wearing colored mittens with a white cloak, saying they did not match.

She spoke of hearing the dogs "parking" and "bowing," and one stormy day said, "Hear it wind and see it rain." She asked me to make

her a "turnover girl" meaning to have me fold the paper and cut out a doll double.

I read the Sunday school lesson over to her twice one Saturday night, and the next morning she wanted her father to ask her the questions, and to our surprise she answered three of them correctly.

Eleanor began to sew patchwork very diligently when three years and three months old and made fourteen squares in about a month.

I told her that "Lila" (Helen), a little girl whom she knew, had the mumps and she asked, "What has Lila got the lumps for?" One day she played with an imaginary character she called "Armand." She asked me if I saw Armand in the bedroom dressing, and told me afterward that she had gone to Edna's house.

She told her grandma that she was "fond of boys," and said she told the policeman that she "liked men." She was a great friend with the policeman and letter carrier, and in fact made friends with almost every one who went by, if they stopped and spoke to her.

One day she remarked to her father that she

was going to have a little sister. He said, "Where are you going to get her?" and she replied, "Oh, the Lord is going to make her." She said she told the Goldsmiths that she was going to have a little sister. I said, "Did you tell Mr. Goldsmith?" "No, only the women." She told her grandma that perhaps the Lord would make two brothers and two sisters. Her grandma hoped he would not be quite so liberal.

Eleanor told me one day that she had "deaded (killed) a fly." She thought that Miss Moore, a nurse whom she saw across the street, was not a real nurse because she did not wear a cap. Waterproof was a word she could not get for a long time. She called it a "wetter shawl;" and she said "stubbles" for puddles. I put an ant out of the window, telling her it was a bug. "A lady bug?" said she. I said, "No." Then she said, "Was it a man bug?"

One day in church she sang "do" after the others were all through, profiting by the lesson on the scale her father had given her the week before.

"Oh, you are my darling," she would say to

me at times in the most sentimental way.

At three years and seven months she measured forty and one-half inches, and weighed thirty-eight or forty pounds.

I told her that the doctor must scratch her arm before she could go to Kindergarten. After thinking it over for a while she remarked, "I can scratch my arm myself."

Some other remarks she made were: "I like men better than I do womens." "There were not any mosquito bites round." "I hugs you." "I helps you." "I aren't going." "Did you ever saw a purple horse, mamma?"

I told her the story of Jesus one Sunday night, and the next morning, as soon as she was dressed, she said, "I going to mind the Lord to-day." She was very good all day, and when I told her at night that she had minded the Lord she was delighted.

Some ladies asked her to come to see them again, and she said, "Thank you, I will." One day I was dressing to take her to Marblehead, and she looked up when I was nearly ready and said, "You look pretty and I hope you'll be good."

She wanted to ride in the "alligator" at the store she said. When she wanted to do something she knew I would not like she would say, "Don't look, will you?" and to her auntie once, "Shut you eyes, auntie, shut you eyes."

At her grandma's she said, "Mamma has a real dining room." Her grandma, looking around at her playthings, said, "I should think I had a real clutter place. Who do you suppose made it so?" "The Lord" came quick as a flash, making us all laugh.

One night, when I was putting her to bed, I had a caller, and went down to see her. Eleanor did not want me to leave her and said, "I'll cry awful if you go," but she did not cry at all.

She saw something one day that resembled a grasshopper and asked, "Is it a grassing hop?" She said she had a "bubble complaint." She could not think of something she wanted to tell me one day and said, "I left my thinking cap at grandma's."

Eleanor began to go to Kindergarten September 19, 1898, and enjoyed it so much that one rainy day, when I had to keep her at home, she

was almost broken-hearted, and said she did not want to stay at home for she had a "gooder time at school than at home." She told me one day that a boy "threw stones at we."

At this time she could tie her shoe strings in an original bow knot, but one that would stay tied, and could dress herself, buttons and all.

When she was four years old her little brother was born, and she was perfectly delighted with him. She asked if Doctor Mudge brought him, and if we were going to keep him, or if Miss Ordway would carry him away with her. She named him Oscar Tom Freddy, after three Kindergarten boys, and remarked one day that the baby was not good, because he could not do anything but eat and cry. I said to her one day, "You are my dear baby." "No, I aren't your baby now. You've got another." She told the girl one day that she liked her; and she said, "Why don't you say you love me?" "What is love," said Eleanor, "is it more like?" She was ironing once in the kitchen, and looking up to Della said, "You and I are going to work till we are dead, aren't we, Della?" One morning



AT THREE YEARS AND NINE MONTHS.

she said she found a "hustle in her meat," meaning gristle; and one night when she went to bed said, "My back ails me."

She was very thoughtful and kind to her little brother, and would run to put the "pacifier" in his mouth when he cried; once when he was crying she came and told me that she gave him his little "fum" (thumb) to suck. At the beginning of the new year she remarked that she was going to be good every day that year, though no one, to my knowledge, had said anything about new year resolutions. At another time I said to her, "Nobody is always good." "You are, mamma," said she, greatly to my condemnation.

Before she was four and a half years old, she learned to tell time and to braid her hair, and for months before that she was able to tie a bow knot, to lace her boots and put on her rubbers, bonnet and cloak. She said one day, "Baby is having a real colic with me." She spoke of a "pater killer" one day, meaning caterpillar and said she had put some of her money away to be "made on." At this time, she had the reputation of being the "smartest" child in the Kindergarten.

"I wish I had whiskers," said she one day. Talking about a young lady in the neighborhood who was going to be married, she said, "I want to be married." I said, "What, and leave mamma?" "You be married, too; be married to me." She said the teacher had a "collar vine" (columbine) at school.

"Don't slam the door so, Della," said she one morning. "You fairly make my bones ache." One night when her father had gone for a walk, she said to me, "When you get your two flocks to bed you can go out for a little walk." Once she informed me that they had some "butterfly seed at school and paterkillers came out of it." She said she saw the "smoker (steam) roller." One night she remarked to her auntie, who was doing up her curls, "I feel my old trouble coming on." She learned to crochet chain stitch in about ten minutes one August day, and soon had yards crocheted. I was doing some outline work one time, and she wanted to embroider, too. I said, "Oh, I am in a hurry, I cannot stop to show you." So she cut out a piece of cloth, drew quite a pretty pattern of flowers on it and

began to work at it all alone. At another time, she brought in some dry leaves, saying she was going to give them to her teacher. I said, "They do not look well enough to carry to her." So she went to the desk, got some paper and drew some leaves out by those — and very good ones they were, too — and colored them with her crayons.

Wanting her Japanese lady taken down from the mantel one day, she asked for her "Chinese."

I asked her one day if she would like to have Miss Ordway come to make us a visit. "Not Miss Ordway's sister," she said — she had lately been here. I said, "No, our Miss Ordway." "My friend," said she. She learned to spell her name and to print it without help when a little over five years of age. She could make her bed very well that winter, when she chose, and took care of her little brother one week when he was getting over the measles, and I had no one else to help me. She behaved like a real little nurse while I was doing housework in the kitchen. But she was dreadfully wild and noisy at times, and when I asked one night what did make

her play so hard she said, "I don't know what makes me so wild. I guess I was born wild, don't you, mamma?"

She saw a baby baptized on Children's Sunday, and on the way home from church told me that she knew the baby that was "advertised" and asked me if I was going to have Richard advertised. Having a coughing spell one night, she said, "I've got my chokes." At another time, she teased me to tell her a story after she had gone to bed, and said, "If you will tell me a story I'll give you all my candy; if you'll give me a cent all my cough candy, too." She called a cricket a "crooket," and burs "green pricklers." One day she informed me that it was "as warm as fire" out of doors, and then she changed it to "as warm as cotton batting." She surprised me by saying that she wished she "looked as good as May," and did not have such "great wide hands."

On October 15th, 1900, she entered the primary school, and was very much in love with learning. She wanted to read and write and spell all the time,—the first thing in the morning, and the last at night,—and took her first reader and her



AT FOUR AND A HALF YEARS.

scholars' companion to bed with her every night. She learned very fast to read and write, having begun to do these things quite a little before entering school. By the first of February, she could read quite nicely in the second reader and spell a good many words. Every spelling lesson she brought home was marked "100." One day, when I spoke of sending a note to her teacher, she said, "Don't write so slanting, mamma," because Miss Lord had rebuked some child for her "slanting" writing.

She called the tail board of a cart the "foot tail" and dandelion greens "ever greens." Once when we thought that Richard had swallowed a brass ring, she asked in a fearfully realistic way, "When will he die, mamma?"

She was extremely fond of candy, and I said once, "Think how badly you will feel if you have no teeth when you are a young lady, because you eat so much candy now." "I might die before I'm a lady," was her unexpected response.

I said one night, "Are you sure you have said your prayer?" not knowing when she could have done it. "You can ask God" was her response.

One day she surprised me by asking, "Is the Universalist Church more catholic than the Tabernacle?"

"I like to be in Miss Fisher's where they don't be all wriggly."

"Miss Lord says you are a wise woman, and I know you are. You are my favorite mamma. Please give me a piece of cake, madam; thank you!"

RICHARD HOOD PERLEY

RICHARD HOOD PERLEY

was born on the seventeenth day of October, eighteen hundred and ninety-eight, at five minutes before eight in the evening, in the house numbered twenty Dearborn street, in the city of Salem, Massachusetts. He weighed ten pounds at birth, and for some weeks he gained half a pound a week; at three months he weighed fifteen pounds, at four months seventeen and one-half, and when a few days over six months twenty pounds. When about six weeks old, he smiled one day when he saw me preparing to nurse him, and caught sight of the nipple shield, just as if he knew what it meant. He laughed aloud before he was three months old, and at five months had a real frolic with his sister, laughing as if he were a year old. When six months and ten days old, he cut his first tooth and soon had another. At seven months he would jump in my arms and

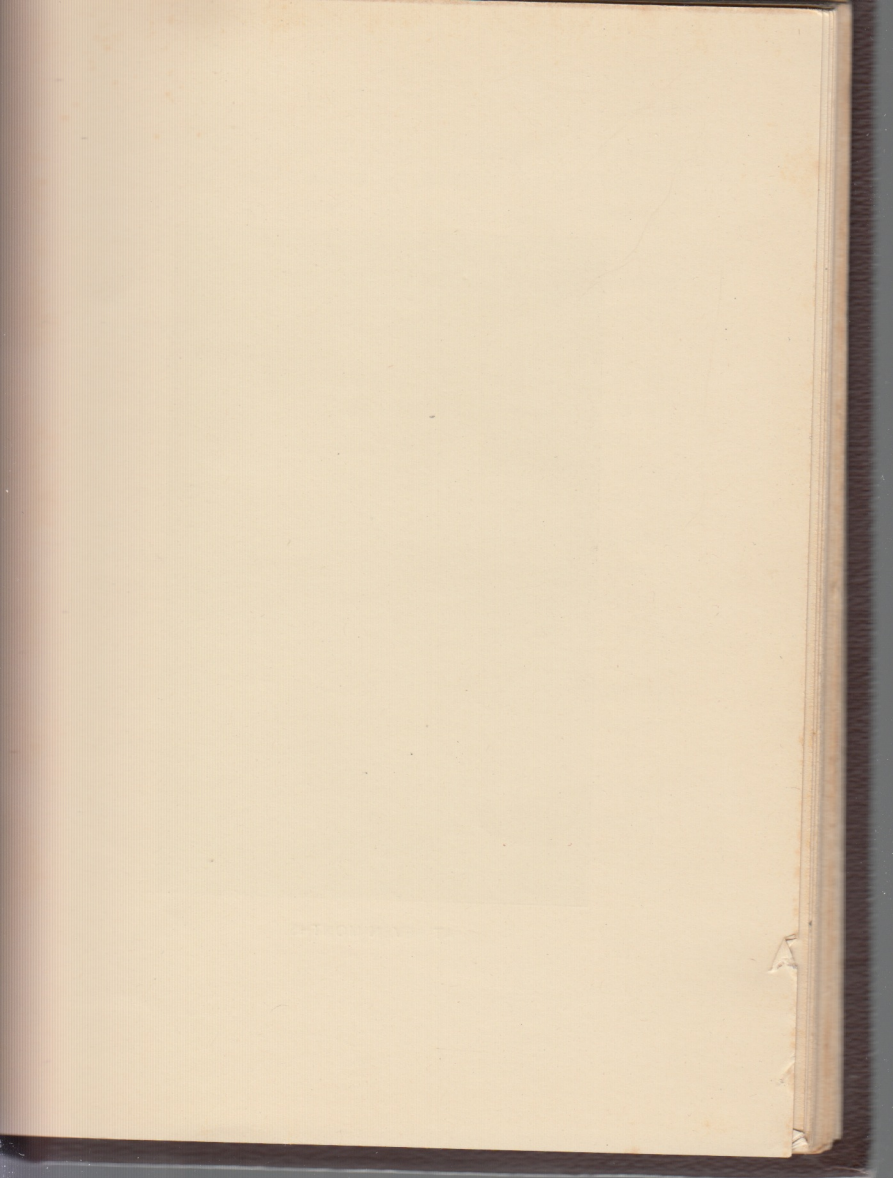
make a clucking sound with his tongue in the roof of his mouth just as I did to amuse him. He had beautiful great blue eyes with long curly lashes, and was such a happy, rollicking, laughing baby, a dear little dumpling of a boy! Every one called him a beautiful baby.

At seven months and a half, he began to creep backwards and then to roll around so that in another month's time he could get over the floor from one end to the other, and get into mischief. One day he pulled off a table cover and brought a picture down with a crash, and another time he helped himself to a paper of pins, and again he pulled down the desk curtain, and upset a lot of flour all over him in trying to assist the girl in cooking.

When eight months and three weeks old, he had five teeth, and about this time he began to try to pull himself up to my lap.

Before he was three months old he would smile in my face when I smiled upon him, and at the age of six months he seemed to know his name, for he would turn when we said, "Richard."

At the age of nine months, he weighed twenty-





AT SEVEN MONTHS.

two pounds, began to creep all about on his hands and knees and to stand up straight by holding on to a chair or table. He would say, "Kitty," too, under his breath, when he saw a cat or a dog, and soon learned to say, "Sister" in the same way when he saw Eleanor. It was not long before he could say, "Mamma" out loud.

When ten months old, he could stand alone for a minute or two, and could scurry along on all fours like a spider. He was possessed to pull his father's books from the shelves, and when I said, "No, no, Richard," and shook my head, he would look up in my face with such a roguish look and shake his head, too, laughing away, and sometimes would go away from the enticing object.

At the age of eleven months, he began to walk alone, and before he was a year old could toddle across the room, looking so pleased to find he could do it. He would sit down very forcibly every minute or two, however.

At this time, we moved into a new house, and just before he reached the age of eleven months he climbed to the top of the long staircase alone. One day he pulled a pillow down to the floor and

then laid down and put his head upon it, and looked up at me, laughing, to show me that he knew what the pillow was for. When I asked him to kiss me, he would put his little head against mine in such a loving way. At this age, he had seven teeth, and was an energetic, active, noisy little fellow, getting into a great deal of mischief. I had to watch him constantly, for always in every room he would start straight for the very spot where we did not want him to go.

He made his first appearance at Sunday school October 8th, 1899, going with his sister to drop his first birthday penny into the basket. His name was written on the blackboard, heading the list of October birthdays, "Richard Perley, 1." "Eleanor Perley, 5," came underneath. It was rally Sunday, and he was the youngest of the four hundred and thirty-two present, last and least, though I think it is safe to say that he attracted the most attention of any one. He was wonderfully good, went upstairs with the others and stayed until the benediction, hardly making a sound all the time.

He learned about this time to clap his hands

when his sister clapped hers.

When he was one year old, he weighed twenty-four pounds and had seven teeth; and about three weeks after his birthday I discovered another tooth. He could run all around at this time, and climbed from his crib to the window-seat one day. Seeing the water running from the faucet, he went to the sink and held up his little tin cup for a drink. He would run into the parlor as fast as he could every time he had a chance, and say, "Sister" when he saw Eleanor's picture on the table. One night I heard him whispering, "Pa-pa," "Mamma," "Sister," while trying to go to sleep. He had my door key and ran to the desk with it and then to the refrigerator, both places where he had seen keys. He began to wave his hand of his own accord and to say, "Bye" when leaving a room, and would say, "Burn" when approaching the stove. He cut another tooth about this time.

When thirteen months old, he was a perfect terror to take care of, for he began to climb into rocking chairs and stand up straight in them, and he would go around clutching at everything he

could possibly reach on every table and shelf, pulling it down and breaking it, if possible. One morning he pulled a glass dish off the table and smashed it, then went into the kitchen and dragged two flat-irons off the stove and climbed into the rocking chairs so I had to turn them down on one side; and in the afternoon climbed upon a bed, where I found him in time to clutch him by his dress and save him from going over backwards. Then he capped the climax by pulling a pitcher full of cold water off the commode and drenching himself. This scared him a little. Usually nothing frightened him.

One day he pulled a basket of clothes pins on to his head, but only gave a little grunt when they came down in an avalanche upon him. He would cry only a very little at his worst hurts; and was a sunshiny, jolly, laughing little man when he felt all right. At about the age of fourteen months he cut four double teeth at about the same time, and at fifteen months had the measles, followed by an abscess in his ear, then eczema and a croupy cold. He was ailing all winter, and cried a great deal nights, though he was very good

most of the daytime, except when having a specially sick time. One day he found one of his sister's curlers in bed, and said, "Sister." At another time I gave him Eleanor's ribbons to carry to her and he carried them as I told him, and then put them both up to his own head to show me where they went. He would get a towel and bring it to me when he was hungry, because he had seen me put one over my breast when nursing him. I weaned him at sixteen months, and that was the way he had to show me that he was hungry even after I had stopped nursing him. On Washington's birthday, he heard his sister singing, "Hurrah, hurrah," and after a while he came to me and said, "Hurrah" in his sweet little voice.

He cut his eye teeth at about the age of eighteen months, and in July he cut the second stomach tooth. He was an unlucky little mortal, fated to have all that was going. He began by having the grippe at the age of two months, chicken pox at eight months, measles in January, 1900, followed by abscesses and eczema, croupy colds, the grippe again in April at the time he was cutting his eye

teeth—he was pretty sick that time—and whooping cough in mid-summer. He had everything thoroughly, too. At the age of twenty months or so, he developed quite a temper, and would throw himself down on the floor, and roll over and over, or hop up and down, when things did not go to suit his royal highness. He could not talk very much at this age, but would say, “More dink, more dink,” when he wanted water, and kept saying it every time he saw the water on the way through Danvers on the electric car. He went to the bath tub one night and kept saying, “More dink,” teasing me to turn on the water. He would say, “Dear mamma” sometimes, and put his little face on my cheek in a loving fashion. He was every inch a boy, and loved to play horse, sitting astride the foot-board and pretending to drive, saying, “Gidap” and “Hudder up.” He was a very noisy rough little fellow, and would get on his sister’s back and pull her hair at every opportunity. I woke up once in the middle of the night, and found him stretched out on the window seat above his crib. He was such a climber I had no peace, but he began to have a little cau-

tion when twenty-one months old. He was a great mimic, and tried to do everything he saw his sister do, even to standing on his head, when she turned somersaults, which she could do perfectly at six years of age. He would take the nail file and pretend to clean his finger nails, and the curling iron and put it to his head. I bought him a little toy dog with which he was much pleased. "Dear Boo" he called it. He would often say, "Dear mamma" and "Dear papa" in an affectionate little tone, and learned to say, "Elnor" in a funny nasal voice. I opened the window one day and called, "Eleanor, come!" and he said, "Elnor, come!" after me. About the same time, I put something out of his reach, but omitted saying, "No, no!" so he said it himself, and once when he was pulling the chain in the bathroom with all his might, as he did every time he got a chance, I said, "That will do," and so he tucked the handle up on the window, as he had often seen me do. At the age of two years, his mischievousness increased, as he gained strength to push chairs around to aid and abet him in carrying out his designs, and as I lost my maid again a-

bout this time, he strove with all his might to help me do the housework. I could hardly turn my back two minutes before he was in mischief. He learned to pull out all the pantry drawers, and using them for a step-ladder mount to the shelf and scoop out the contents of the flour, sugar and salt boxes, mustard, etc.—everything he could reach. He put a spoonful of soda or flour—I do not know which—into the molasses jug, and one day when I came up from the cellar I found him sitting on the shelf, stuffing raisins into his mouth as fast as he could, and I pulled them out until I had a dozen. One day in desperation I took out the lowest drawer and put it up on the shelf, then I went down cellar and when I came up he was calmly sitting in the drawer, as if to mock me. Then I wedged cardboard into the cracks of the drawers so that I could hardly open them myself, and then he had to give up climbing that way; so he dragged a chair into the pantry and climbed up that way whenever the impulse seized him. One day he horrified me by appearing with a big bottle of ink in his hand; his teeth and tongue were black and of course there was some on his

dress and on the floor. He had been dabbling in it with a lead pencil, and it is a wonder he had not spilled it all. He liked to climb into the sink and turn on the hot water, and one day I had to change his shoes and stockings because he had amused himself that way while I was changing my own boots preparatory to taking him out for a walk. He was always delighted when he saw "more dink" and tried to help me wash dishes, etc., being determined to dabble in water whenever he had a chance.

He locked the screen door one day when I was outside, but when I told him to unlock it, he understood, and did so, to my relief. The same day he was making the doll's bed, and took the mattress between his teeth, as he had seen me take pillows in changing the cases.

About this time I came to the conclusion that he had all the energy of his two grandmothers—who were both very energetic, active women—bottled up in his small person, for I had no sooner got him out of one piece of mischief than he was in another.

When a little over two years old he weighed

thirty-two pounds; and was short and fat and round as a butter ball. I asked him one day to give me a kiss—he happened to have a cap on his head at the time, so he took it off and came and kissed me, and then put the cap on again. He was offended if I put on a white apron in the afternoon, and screamed several times when I did so, because he thought I would not take him out to ride with an apron on. In January, he began to say short sentences, like “Poor kitty boke” (broke) and “There goes durrup.” He picked up a hand-glass one day, looked at the reflection of himself, and said, “Hullo!” His sister was vexed at something one day, and hopped up and down, crying. “Naughty girl, go home!” said he. I told him one day I was going to the store and I could not take him, but if he would be a good boy I would bring him some candy. “You must not cry,” said I. “Mustn’t cry,” he repeated, and so instead of crying as usual, when I departed, he laughed and said, “Bye,” but the next time I left him was to go to church, and he let me go good-naturedly, but was mad enough when I returned, because I did not bring him

some "can can."

When about two years and four months old, I discovered, to my surprise, that he had twenty teeth, having cut the last four without my knowledge. About this time he began to talk more, making sentences, one of the first being, "Here comes boy with cake" whenever he heard the baker's bells. One day, seeing the vegetable man turn into the street, he said, "Here comes boy with ball," meaning apples. He called his auntie "Nannie," and when she went away one day in a carriage he was much interested, and looking into the room she had occupied the next morning said, "Nannie go durrup (horse)." He called his grandma "Gargum," and would often look down at the night-gown she had made for him and say, "Gargum made."

One Sunday morning he woke me up at five o'clock, with both arms around my neck, saying, "I love mamma." He thought a great deal of May, Eleanor's little friend, and one day when she was here, he went into the dining room with them, and then came running out into the kitchen to say, "I love May." I taught him to say,

"May, my sweetheart," and at first he got it, "May sweet my heart." One day he found a picture of the Salem witch, and said, "'At punny (funny) man." He called foot "poot" and hose "wose." He would say, "How do, pitty well, good morn (morning)," all in one breath. When he dropped anything with a crash he would say, "Why," and after that, "Why Shishard (Richard) Perley!"

When two years and six months old, he weighed thirty-five pounds and measured thirty-six inches.

He taught himself to say, "Please," and would say of his own accord, "Pease more dink" and "Pease more cake." One day he was upstairs and I asked him what he was doing. "Making beds," he replied. He saw a little girl about his own age playing on the piazza across the street, and said, "'At my girlie," and at another time, "Want go girlie's home." "Look, me go dump (jump)," he said to me one day. He learned slang from the other children, and once I said, "Let me kiss your fat little neck." "Rubber neck," said he, greatly to my amusement. At another time, he pulled down his stocking to show

me a little scratch on his leg. "Elnor skatch me—saucy kid!" said he. "All wight" was one of his most contented expressions. He wanted some more candy, and when I said, "No more candy," he said, "All wight." One night he was standing on the window-seat, watching the boys play ball. Finally I said, "You have seen them a long time and you must go to bed now," so he came right over to his crib, saying, "All wight," lay down and was asleep in a few minutes.

His namè for lemonade was "green water." Looking at some men at work on the top of a house, his cousin told him that he would fall if he were up there. "No, I wouldn't," said he. "I would," she said, "if I were up there." "I ain't oo" was his response. "'At my sisser, mamma," he said one morning, upon looking into Eleanor's room and seeing her asleep in bed. "I got ten toes, so," he burst out one day in an unexpected manner, when sitting on the step with me. I do not know how many times he has told me, "Gargum got ten toes," because she told him so once when we were there.

One of his expressions at this time was, "I

guess so," and another, "Ain't that punny (funny)." One night, after repeating "Now I lay me" after me, he looked up and laughed and said, "Ain't that punny." He called his Fourth of July horn a "corn" and the end of an ear of corn a "tail." One morning, when I gave him some berries, he called me a "good boy," and at another time he hugged me and said, "Nice boy, nice mamma." "I loves oo," he said one night when I was putting him to bed.

One very hot day, his aunt Florence, who had come to visit us, was sitting on the piazza, and he went into the house, and brought out a palm-leaf fan which he solemnly presented to her.

He called his finger a "ningy," and told about the cars going to Haven, meaning Haverhill, but sounding very much like heaven. One night, when going to bed, he looked up at the large moon and said, "Oh, see the moon cow," having called cows "moony cows" all summer, he must needs call the moon a cow.

One day, when we had planned to go to Georgetown, it rained, and he said we "could take an umbello."

"My ganma say I good boy" came out quite unexpectedly one day. "You my mamma, handsome mamma," he said to me, and at another time, "I like you, mamma." When reproved for doing naughty things, as he frequently was, he would say, "I not going to do it again." He would soon be guilty of the same offence, however.

At the age of three years, he measured thirty-seven or thirty-eight inches, and weighed thirty-six and one-half pounds.

Some specimens of his grammar at this time were: "Where are it?" "I want to go where May are." "I did done it." "I did saw it." "I do 'pose you like me, mamma," he said to me one day. His sister was hunting for something one morning, and Richard kept saying, "Somewhere; I guess so."

One of his playmates had a baby brother born, and when I told Richard that Mendum had a baby brother he said, "I got Topsy (his rag doll), she baby, too."

One day I was showing my house to some friends, and when we came down stairs into the

hall, he opened the hall-closet door, with such a pleased smiling little face, and said, "Here's a closet."

He called to me once to come and "see the chickens eating dinner." I went, supposing he had a picture to show me, and found that he had placed some little white beans on some corn meal, pretending that they were chickens. They did really look a little like them.

He told me once that he had "cheeks on his legs," and that he fell down and hurt his "knee a."

He took my coal hod down cellar, put some coal in it, and said, "I did full it." One morning he said to me, "My toes little very big, not very much big like yours."

One of his playmates broke his arm, and when Richard saw him standing at the window, waving his hand to him, he said, "Him got one hand," and at another time, "Not him two ones boke." When Ernest got out doors again, Richard said, "Ernest got three arms now," and sometimes he made it out four. About this time, when a toy was broken, he said, "Dokker will have to come."



AT ONE AND A HALF YEARS.

I told him one day that he had been a good boy, and he said, "I did cry once, when I fall down." He called stringing beads "sewing beans."

I told him that the Lord made him, and he had a good deal to say after that about the Lord, calling him Mr. Lord at first. He told me one night, when looking at the full moon rising, that he "could see the Lord in the moon," and once when his sister spoke rather improperly to me he said, "The Lord don't want you to say that." When I made him do something against his will, he said, "The Lord don't want me to." His sister told him once that he was a naughty boy, and he came to me, saying, "Are me a naughty boy?" I said one morning, "Mamma loves you." "Yes, I know it," he responded in the most matter-of-fact tone. Seeing a picture of Cupid, he said, "I haven't got wings,—got ears." He told his sister to put the "cupboard (cover)" over something.

One day after he had been naughty over something, his grandma said, "What made you so naughty, Richard?" "Debble," said he. Not believing her ears, she repeated the question. "Debble," said he, again. One night, when I

was putting him to bed, remembering that he had not said his prayer, he burst out suddenly, "Say if I should die!"

When he swallowed food he would say, "Gone down the hole." "Oh, see the sugars!" he said one morning, on seeing the hoar frost. I said, "That is the letter A." "No, tunnel,—cars go through." When he wanted to whisper something he said he wanted to "say it to your face."

On being reproved for doing some naughty thing he would say, "Not do so no more," which, however, did not mean anything.

His sister was much interested in carrying various things to school for her teacher to use, so Richard went to the attic one day, and came down with a nail in his hand. I said, "What are you going to do with that?" "Teacher wants it," said he. His sister was busy over valentines, so he made an "annaltine," as he called it, for his grandma, and brought it to me, telling me to put it where he could not get it, as he had heard me tell Eleanor, concerning hers. One day when he was not very well, he said he had a "pain in front of his shirt." He said that he and Ernest and

Philip were going "to grow up and then they were coming down again, at two o'clock." He made the fact, they were going to grow down again, very emphatic every time he spoke of it.

Instead of a few minutes he would say a "little minute." He told me once that when he grew to be a big man like grandpa, he should not love me any more.

He was very eager to possess a big engine that he had seen in a store window at Christmas time, but Santa Claus did not see fit to bestow it upon him. He could not forget it, but talked about it for weeks and weeks afterwards.

I was talking about having his hair banged, and his sister told him she had had hers cut off. "It has been sewed on again then," said he.

My washerwoman was unable to come to work for me because of trouble with her leg. I called to see her one day, and when I came home and told Richard where I had been, he asked, "Her got a leg to stand on?"

"My nose won't blow," he said one morning when he had a cold.

When I said something to him about growing

up, he said, "I can't go up to the sky alone, without the Lord, him have to take hold of my hand."

One day, while on a visit to his grandma, I went out to make a call; on my return he met me at the door, smiling, and held up his face for a kiss, saying, "I do love you, mamma."

Looking intently at his grandma, one morning, he observed, "Her haven't much hair." She said, "Will you give me some of yours?" "Can't get it off," he said, "the Lord sewed it on." One day he surprised me by saying, "You have a pretty face."

At the age of three and a half years he weighed just forty pounds.

One day he said, "Mamma, ain't you my wife?" "Papa, my wife is your mamma." "I am going to marry Ruth Graham to be my mother." "I wish I had a girl I could love. One that would be my best girl."

I said something to him once about being good, and he said, "I might be on the devil's side." At another time he said, "Who puts these thoughts into me — the devil?"

One day he asked, "When the Lord made me how did I get here; did the sky break?" I looked up and said, "Does it look broken?" "It looks cracked," said he.

He said that his father was "half lawyer and half made books."

Some of his questions were: "What is there outside the world?" "How could the Lord make himself?" "How does the Lord put the needles into kitties?" "Do turkeys go to heaven?" "I didn't want the Lord to make me." On seeing a picture of a lion with a cub (baby, he thought) he said, "Where's the sister?"

He went to Sunday school, and heard the children sing, "Tramp, tramp, tramp, do you hear us coming?" After we came home he said, "Mamma, what did the teacher say the tramps were coming for?" At another time, when he heard them sing, "Hosanna, hosanna," he understood them to say Susannah.

One day when I was going to wash his face he said, "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow."

This is a sample of his philosophy: "The things what we like are not good for us, and the things

what we don't like are lots more gooder."

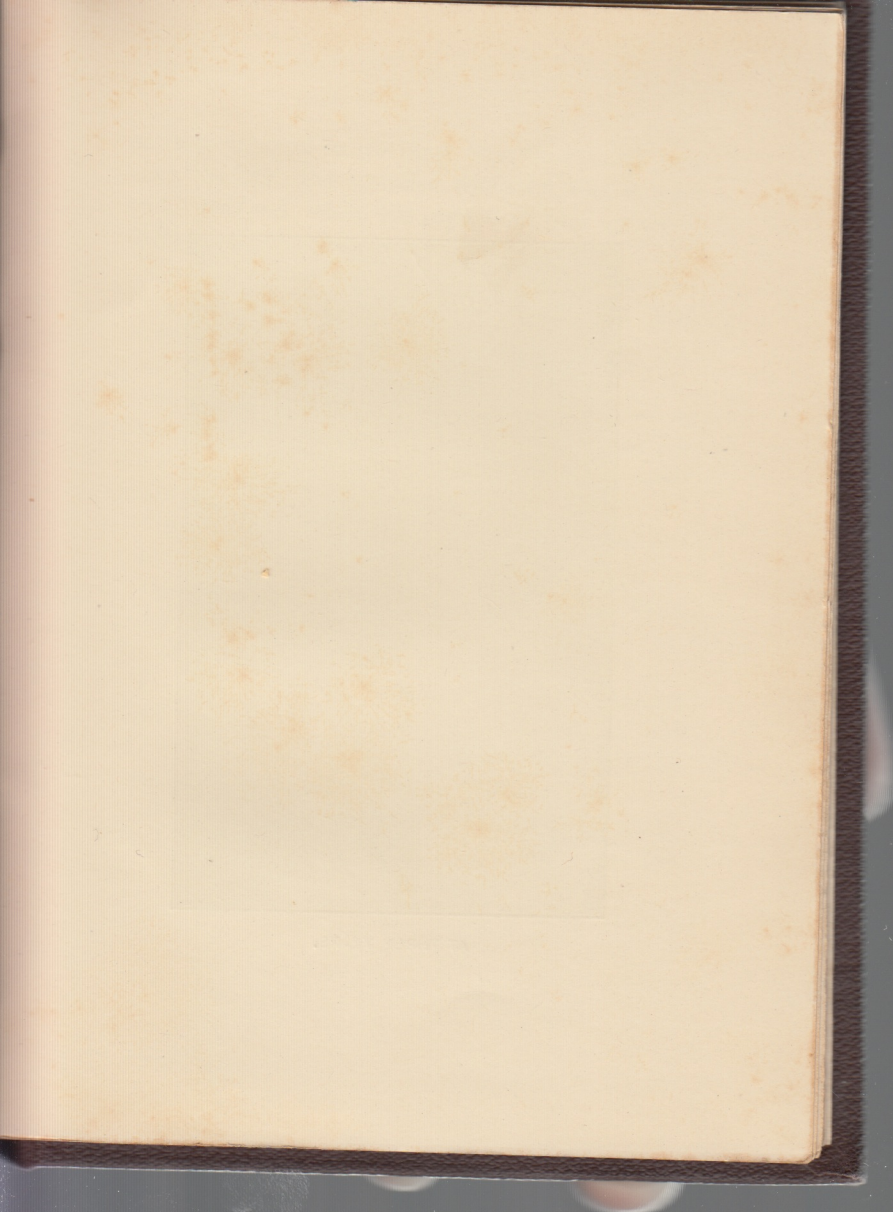
Seeing an old lady, who lived in the next house, going to ride in an automobile, he said, "When I get to be an old lady I shall sit by the window, and I shall go ride in an automobile."

I said once, "What makes you so naughty, Richard?" "The Lord." "Oh, no, the Lord does not make you naughty." "Alfred, then," —a small boy he played with.

One morning he was the last to come down stairs, and he was so provoked to think we had all got down ahead of him that he said, "I don't like anybody in this damn family."

Richard's sayings: "Mamma, when you can't do fings why don't you say, 'The devil'?" "All right, sweetheart." "A lawyer is a giant." "Is that God's book? Shall we have to give it back to God?" "If we ate corn would we lay eggs?" He looked at the cat and said, "That is a father kitty." I said I thought she was a mamma kitty. "No, if she was a mamma kitty she wouldn't have whiskers."

Talking of going to see the pond, he said, "Balloons come out of the pond," showing that





AT THREE YEARS.

he remembered something that happened two years before, the summer when he was a year and a half old, when his papa took him to see a balloon ascension.

Some more questions propounded by Richard were: "When God swallows his finger nail does he eat a cracker?" "Where did Edna and Arthur Hicks get their mother?"

Richard also remarked: "I shall be glad when I am dead." "Why, what do you want to die for?" "Because I shall know more then; shall know as much as Jesus knows."

He was asked, "Is it any of your relations that was married?" "No, Elnor's."

One morning he inquired, "Did papa bring home some strawberries last night?" "Yes. What makes you think so?" "The Lord."

He also said: "Him has to go to bed earlier than me." "My nose won't go, it has got out of order." "I get tired of being good all the time." "You're my goodest woman."

Hurting his finger one day, he burst out with, "I don't want to live in this old world; it is too full of pricklers."

At other times he said, "Our heavenly father didn't make this old world the way folks want it." "You don't know how glad Eleanor is, and how sad I am." "I have a big fat pain." "Mamma, aren't you my wife?" "My wife is papa's mamma."

Richard asked his teacher if he could not sit beside Ruth Graham, because she was his best girl. He kissed her. He was asked if the teacher let him kiss the girls. He replied, "Yes, if she is your best girl."



AT FOUR AND A HALF YEARS.